

# THE TRAGICK-COMEDY TITUS OATES,

Who sometime went under the Name of The Salamanca Doctor;  
After being Convicted of PERJURY  
And several other Crimes, at the Kings-Bench-Bar, Westchester, May 1661, 1665, had his Sentence to  
die in the Pillory; to be Whip'd at the Cart's Arse, and to be sent back to Prison.



Wet all your Wits, and Antidote your Eyes,  
Before you hazard here to play this Prize;  
Or gaze (like Eagles) on a Show so rare,  
No time brought forth an Object yet so fair;  
Lo! here's the Bug-Bear-Rampant of the PLOT,  
Which *Whig* on *Tory* (in a Sham) Begot;  
Here *A-la-mode* the Guardian of the Land  
In a New-fashion'd Pulpit now doth stand;  
The Tub's o're-whelm'd, and all the Hoops are *slung*,  
And *Deput-Fack* he peeps out through the *Bung*.  
*Bacchus*'s here, the Star of England's Sky,  
Decipher'd now The Son of *PERJURY*;  
Th' *Egyptian-Cow*, the Oaten-blasted Blade,  
Which hath (these several Years) eat up our Trade;  
The *stater* Anatomist, the Church Confusion,  
Who Dream'd a *Plot*, and Swore it was a *Vision*;  
A Doctor who Degree did ne'r Commence,  
A Rhetorician that spoke never Sense;  
Like *Proteus* he still changeth to the time,  
His Pulse and Temper suits with any Clime;  
His Birth's equivocal, by Generation  
Seditious By-Blow, Loyaltys privation;  
A Linley-Wobley *Emp'rick* of the State,  
That hugs the Church, and knocks it o're the Pate.  
He stands in state, and well becomes his station,  
Using a Truckling-Stool for Recreation:  
Now should he, in contempt of *Peter's* Chair,  
Leap from the Pillory to the Three-leg'd Mare,  
And with *Empedocles* desire to be  
But Canoniz'd an Oaten-Deity,  
He would spring up (but that he is a *Sot*)  
A Mandrake, to conceive another PLOT.

His Crime no *Man* can ballance with a Curse,  
For still the *Hydra* doth deserve a worse:  
Then let him live a *Minotaur* of Men,  
Like *Hircocervus* Conchant in his Den;  
The Monument of Mischief, and of Sin,  
To spread no farther than the Sooterkin  
Of old Sedition, set before our Eye,  
As Buoy and Beacon unto Loyalty;  
Yet at the Wheels of Fortune let him Dance  
A Jigg of Penance that can make him *Dance*,  
Resenting all his Errors (though in vain)  
With fruitless wither calling Time again;  
His Face is Brass, his Breech no Rod will feel,  
And who knows but his Back is made of Steel;  
His Soul is proof, perhaps his Body may  
Be made of Mettle harder than the Clay;  
Then put him to the touch, make *Titus* rore,  
The Chase is turn'd, now he's Son of a *Whore*.  
Then conjure him with Eggs and Kennel-Dirt,  
And Contradictions that his Mouth did squirt,  
To tell his Name, we'l Christian him once yet,  
And mold and *Apocryphus* which can with him fir,  
He is no *Doctor*, for by horrid Lies  
He cures Sedition, only Tinker-wise.  
He is no *Papist*, for he ne'r had Merit,  
Nor yet a *Quaker*, for he hath no-Spirit.  
He is no *Protestant*, for want of Grace,  
To keep him from a falsifying face.  
He is no *Tark*, for always (like a Swine)  
He lov'd to swallow in a Tub of Wine.  
No name can fitt him, therefore let him bee  
The grumbling Ghost of Old Presbitery.

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